

All suche psalmes
of Dauid as Tho:
mas Sternhold late
Grome of þ Kynges
Maiesties Rober, did in his
lyfe tyme draw into
English Metre.

Cum priuilegio ad
imprimendum solū.

To the most noble and vertu-
ous Kyng, our soueraigne Lord Kyng Ed-
ward the .vi. Kyng of England, Fraunce, and Ireland,
Defender of the faith, and in earth of
the churche of Englande, and also of
Ireland, the supzeme head:

Thomas Sternholde Grome of hys

Majesties robes, with

eth increase of health,

honoure, and fe-

licitie.



Althoughe, moſte noble
Soueraigne, the groſe-
neſſe of my wytte dooeth
not ſuffyce to ſearche out
the ſecret miſteries hidde
in the booke of Pſalmes,
whiche by the opinion of many learned
menne, comprehendeth the effect of the
whole Byble: yet truſting to the good-
nes of god, which hath in his hande the
keye thereof, whyche ſhutteth and no
manne openeth, openeth and no manne
ſhutteth,

A.ii.

Shutteth,

The Preface.

Shutteth, albeit I can not geue to your
Maiestie great loaues therof, or bring
into the Lordes barne full handefulles
yet to the entente I would not appeare
in the haruest vtterly idle and barayn,
beeing warned with the example of y
dye fygge tree, I am bolde to presente
vnto your Maiestie, a fewe crummes
whiche I haue picked vp fro vnder the
lordes boarde: and am gladde wyth the
poore woman Ruthe, the Moabite, to
come behinde, and gather a fewe eares
of cozne after the reapers, renderynge
thanks to almightye God, that hath
appointed vs suche a kyng and gouer-
noure, that forbyddeth not laye menne
to gather and lease in the Lordes har-
uest, but rather commaundeth the rea-
pers to caste oute of theyr handefulles
among vs, that we maye boldely ga-
ther without rebuke: perceyuyng also
that your Maiestie hath so searched the
fountaines of the Scriptures, that yet
beeyng younge, you vnderstande them
better

The Preface.

better then manye Elders , the very
meane to attain to the perfect gouerne-
ment of thys your Realme to Goddes
glozye , the prosperitie of the publyque
wealth, and to the coumfozt of all your
Maiesties subiectes. Seeynge further
that your tendze and godly zeale doeth
moze delyghte in the holy songes of ve-
ritie, then in any feined rymes of vani-
tie, I am encouraged to trauayle fur-
ther in the sayd boke of Psalmes: trus-
ting that as your grace taketh pleasure
to heare them song some tymes of me,
so ye wyll also delighte, not onely to see
and reade them your self, but also to cō-
maunde thē to be song to you of others:
that as ye haue the Psalmes it selfe in
youre mynde, so ye maye Iudge myne
endeuoure by youre eare. And if I may
perceyue youre Maiestie willinglye to
accept my wil herein, where my doing
is no thanke woorthy, and to fauoure so
thys my beginning, that my labour be
acceptable in perfourming the residue,

The Preface.

I shal endeouour my self with Diligence,
not onely to enterpryse that which bet-
ter learned oughte moze iustely to doe,
but also to perfourme that withoute
fault, which your maiestie will receyue
with iust thanke. The Lorde of earthly
kynge, geue your Grace daylye en-
crease of honoꝛ and vertue: and ful-
fyll all youre Godly requestes in
hym, without whose gyfte we
haue oꝛ can obteyne
nothyng.

Amen.

(.:.)

Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Beatus Vir.

psalm. i.

How happi be the righteous men,
th is psalme declareth plaine:
And howe the wayes of wycked men,
be damnable and vayne.

The mā is blest that hath not gone,
by wycked rede astraye:
He sate in chayze of pestilence,
noz walkte in sinners waye.

But in the law of God the Lorde,
doth set his whole delyghte:
And in that lawe doth exercyse,
himselſe both day and night.

And as the tree that planted is,
fast by the riuer side:
Euen so shall he bring forth his fruite,
in his due time and tide.

His lease shall neuer fal awaye,
but flourish still and stande:

A.iii.

Ecce

Psalmes of David

Each thing that prosper wondrous wel
that he doth take in hande.

So shall not the vngodly doe,
they shall be nothyng so:
But as the dust which from the earth,
the winde drive to and fro.

Therefore shall not the wycked men,
in iudgemente stande vpryghte:
Ne yet in counsell of the iust,
but shall be voide of mighte.

For why, the way of Godly men,
vnto the Lorde is knowne:
And eke the way of wycked men,
shall quite be ouerthrowne.

Quare fremuerunt.

psal. ii.

Howe heathen kynges dyd Christ wythstande
yet he was kyng of all:
And of the counsell that he gaue,
to kynges terrestriall.

Why did the gentiles fret and fume,
what rage was in their bryne?
Why did the Jewische people muse,
on matters that were vaine?

The

In Metre.

The kynges and rulers of the earth,
stode vp and did conuente:
Agaynst the lord and Christ his sonne,
which he among vs sent.

Shall we be bound to them say they:
let all their bondes be broke:
And of their doctrine and their lawe,
let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in the heauen dwelth,
their doinges will deride:
And make them al as mocking stockes
throughtout the world so wyde.

Foz in his wrath the lord wil speake,
to them vpon a daye.
And in his fury trouble them,
and then the lord wyl saye.

Of him was I appointed kyng,
vpon his holy hill:
To preache the people his preceptes,
and to declare his will.

Foz in this wise the lord hymselfe,
dyd say to me I wotte:
Thou arte my deare and onely sonne,
to day I thee begotte.

Psalmes of David

**Al people I Chal geue to thee,
as heyres at thy request:
The endes and coastes of all the earth,
by thee Chalbe posselt.**

**Thou Chalt thē rule and gouerne al,
and bzeake them like a god:
As thou wouldest bzeake an earthē pot
euen with an yron rod.**

**Now ye O kinges and rulers all,
be wise therfoze and learnde:
By whom the matters of the worlde,
be iudged and discernde.**

**See that ye serue the Lorde aboue,
in trembling and in feare:**

**See that with reuerence ye reioyce,
to hym in lyke manere.**

**See that ye kysse and eke embrace,
hys blessed sonne I saye:**

**Lest in his wzath ye perishe all,
and wander from hys waie.**

**Foz whan his wzath full sodaynlye,
Chall kiendle in his brest:**

**Then al that put their trust in him,
Chal certaynly be blest:**

Domine

In Metre.

Domine quid multiplicati.

psal. 118.

th, The passion here is figured,
and howe Chryst rose agayne:
al, So is the church and faythfull men,
theyr trouble and theyr payne.

pot **O** Lozde howe many doe encrease,
and trouble me full soze:
l, How many say vnto my soule,
God wyl hym saue nomoze.

2, But thou **O** Lozde art my defence,
when I am hard bestead:
te, My worshop and myne honoure bothe
and thou holdest vp myne head.

And with my voice vpon the Lozde,
I doe both call and crye:
re, And he out of his holy hyll,
doth heare me by and by.

I layed me down and quietly,
I slepte and rose agayne:
e, For why, I knowe assuredly,
the Lozde wyl me sustayne.

Ten thousand men haue compass me,
yet am I not afrayd:

For

Psalmes of David

For thou art still my Lord my God,
my sauoure and myne ayde.

Thou smitest al thine enemyes,
euen on the harde cheke bone:
And thou hast broken al the teeth,
of eche vngodly one.

Saluacion onely doeth belong,
to thee O Lord above:
Bestowe therefore vpon thy folke,
thy blessing and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem.

psal. iiii.

God heard the prayer of the churche,
mennes vanities are shent:
With sacrifice of righteousness,
the lord is best contente.

O God that arte my righteousness,
Lord heare me when I call:
Thou hast set me at libertie,
when I was bonde and thral.

O mortall men howe long will ye,
the glozy of god despise?
Why wandze ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lyes?

Knowing that good and Godli men,
the

In Metre.

the Lorde doth take and chuse:
And when to him I make my plainte,
he doth me not refuse.

Sinne not, but stand in awe therfoze,
exampne wel thyne hearte:
And in thy chaumber quietly,
thou shalt thy selfe conuerte.

Offer to God the sacrifice,
of righteousness I say:
And loke that in the living Lord,
thou put thy trust alwaye.

The greater sort craue worldli goods
and riches doe embrace:
But lord graunt vs thy countenaunce,
thy fauoure and thy grace.

Wherwith thou shalt make all oure
more ioyful and more glad: (hertes,
Then they that of thy cozne and wyne
ful great encrease haue had.

In peace therfore lye down wyll I,
takyng my rest and slepe:
For thou art he that onely doest,
all men in safetie kepe.

Verba mea auribus.

psal. v.

The

Psalmes of David

The church doth pray and prophery,
that god doth not regarde:
Lyeis and bloudy Scismatikes,
but good men haue rewarde.

Ponder my wordes O lord aboue,
my study Lord consider:
And heare my voyce my king my god,
to thee I make my prayer.

Lord thou shalt heare me cal betime,
for I wil haue respect:
My prayer earely in the mornye,
to thee for to directe.

And onely thee I wil beholde,
thou art the God alone:
That is not pleasde with wickednes,
and il in thee is none.

And in thy sight there shal not stand,
these furious fooles O Lord:
Wayne workers of iniquitie,
of thee shalbe abhorde.

The lyers and the flatterers,
thou shalt destroye them than:
And thou wilt hate the bloudthirstie,
and the deceitfull man.

But

In Metre.

But I wyl come into thy house;
trusting vpon thy grace:
And reuerently wil worſhip thee,
towarde thyne holy place.

Lozde leade me in thy righteousnesse
foz to confounde my foes:

And eke the way that I ſhal walke,
befoze my face diſcloſe.

Foz in their mouthes there is no tru-
their heart is foule and baine: (eth
Their throte an open ſepulchze,
their tonges doe glose and faine.

Condemne them & their counſels al
let their deuise decaye:

Subuert the in their heapes of ſinne,
foz thei did thee betraye.

But thoſe that put their truſt in thee,
let them be glad alwayes:

And render thankses foz thy defence,
and geue thy name the prayſe.

Foz thou with fauoure folowest,
the iuſt and righteous ſtyll:

And with thy grace as with a ſhielde,
deſendeſt him from il.

Domine

Psalmes of David

Domine ne in furore,

psal. vi.

The troubled soule with sinne opprest,
on God for grace doth call:
Though he sumtyme turne backe hys face,
from fayth it doth not fall.

LORD in thy wrath reprove me not,
though I deserue thyne yre:
Be yet correct me in thy rage,
O LORD I thee despyre.

For I am weake, therfore O LORD,
of mercy me forbear:

And heale me lord, for why þ knowest
my bones doe quake for feare.

My soule is troubled very sore,
and vexed vehemently:
But lord how long wilt thou delaye,
to cure my misery?

LORD turne thee to thy wonted grace,
my sely soule vp take:

Oh saue me, not for my desertes,
but for thy mercyes sake.

For why, no man among the dead,
remembzeth thee one whit:

In Metre.

O who shall worſhupp thee, O Lorde,
in the infernall pit:

So grieuous is my playnte and mone
that I ware wondrous faint:

And waſhe my bed wheras I couche,
with teares of my complainte.

My beautie fadeth cleane awaye,
with anguiſhe of mine heart:

For feare of thoſe that be my foes,
and would my ſoule ſubuerſe.

But now awaye from me all ye,
that worke iniquitie.

For why, the lord hath heard the voice
of my complaint and crye.

He heard not onely the request,
and prayer of myne heart:

But it receiued at my hande,
and toke it in good parte.

And now my foes that vexed me,
the Lorde wyll ſoone defame:

And ſodaſnly confounde them all,
to their rebuke and ſhame.

Domine deus meus in te

psal. vii.

B. i.

The

Psalmes of David

The church against her foes to god,
her sufferance doth declare:
The wycked which woulde worke disceite,
are trapt in their owne snare.

O Lozde my God, I put my truste,
and confidence in thee:
Saue me from them that me pursue,
and eke delyuer me.

Lest like a Lion they deuoure,
my soule in pierces small:
Whiles there is none to succoure me,
and ryd me out of thzall.

O lozd my god if I haue done,
the thyng that is not right:

Oz els if I be founde in synne,
oz giltye in thy syght.

Oz haue rewarded ill for ill,
to those that harmed me:

Oz rashely robde myne enemye,
with great extremitie.

Chan let my foes pursue my soule,
and eke my lyfe do wone thzuste:
Unto the earth, and also laye,
myne honoz in the dust.

In Metre.

If not, stert bp. lorde in thy wzath,
and put my foes to payne:
Perfourme thy vengeaunce promised,
to such as me disdayne.

And that thy flocke may come to the,
and know thee by thyg thyng:
Exalt thy selfe in maiestie,
as theit chiefe lorde and kyng.

That art reuenger of all folke,
O Lorde reuenge thou me:
according to my righteousnes,
and myne integritee.

Lord cease the hate of wicked men,
and be the iust mans gide:
By whom the secretes of all heartes,
are searched and discride.

I take my helpe to come of god,
in al my grief and smart:
That doeth pserue all those that be,
of pure and perfect heart.

For god a right reuenger is,
and pacient with his power:
He threatneth still, yet we prouoke,
his vengeaunce every houre.

Psalmes of David

**And yf we will not turne to hym,
the Lord wil than beginne:
His sweord to whet, his bow to bend,
and strike vs for our synne.**

**He wil prepare his killing tooles,
and sharpe his arrowes prest:
To strike and pearce with violence,
the persecutours best.**

**For why, the wicked trauailed,
in mischief men to cast:
Conceyued sorowe and brought forth,
vngodly fraude at last.**

**And digde a caue and cast it vp,
in hope to hurte hys brother:
But he shall fall into the pit,
that he digde vp for other.**

**Thus wrong returneth to the hurt,
of hym in whom it bred:
And al the mischief that he wrought,
shall fall vpon hys head.**

**I wil geue thanks to god therfore,
that iudgeth rightwisely:
And with my song shall praise y name,
of hym that is most hie,**

Domine

In Metre.

Domine dominus.

psal. Viii.

Gods glory is so great in earth,
that babes doe it declare:
So ooth the state of man, to whom
all creatures subiecte are.

In earth O Lorde how wonderfull,
is thy great maiestie:
That listeth by thy laude and praise,
aboue the heauens hye.

Foz whi, y^e monthes of sucking babes
thine honoz doe disclose:
Thou makest infantes ouercome,
thy mightie mortall foes.

And when I see the heauens high,
the workes of thyne own hande:
The Sunne, y^e Moone, & al the sterres
in ordze as they stande.

What thing is mā, lord thinke I thā
that thou doest hym remembre:
Oz what is mans posteritie,
that thou doest it confidze:

Foz thou hast made him litle lesse,
then Angels in degree:

And thou hast crowned him at laste,

B.iii.

wyth

Psalmes of David

with glory and dignitee.

**Thou hast p̄fearde him to be Lord,
of al thy woꝝkes of wonder:
And at his fete hast set al thinges,
that he should kepe them vnder.**

**All shepe and neate, and al beastes els
that in the fieldes doe fede:
Foules of the ayre, fish in the sea,
and al that therein brede.**

**Therfoze must I saye once againe,
O lord, that art our Lord:
How famous is thy maiestie,
esteemed throughe the worlde:**

Confitebor tibi. psal. ix.

**The faithful geue great thanks to God,
for that he doth destroy:
Their enemies al, and helpe the poore,
that none doth them annoy.**

**O Lord with al my heart and mind,
I wil geue thanks to thee:
And speake of al thi wōderous woꝝkes
vnsearcheable of me.**

**I wil be glad and much reioice,
in thee O God most hie:**

And

In Metre.

And make my songs extolle thy name,
aboue the starry skye.

For that my foes are dzenen backe,
and turned vnto flyghte:

Thei fall down flat and are destroyde,
by thy great force and myghte.

Thou hast reuenged al my wronge,
my griefe and al my grudge:

Thou dost with iustice heare my cause,
most lyke a righteous iudge.

Thou dost rebuke the heathen folke,
and wicked so confounde.

That afterwarde the memozye,
of them cannot be founde:

The force and weapon of thy foes,
thou takest cleane awaye:

When cities were destroyde by thee,
theyr name did eke decaye.

But euermore in dignitie,
the lord doth rule and raigne:

And in the seate of equitie,
true iudgemente doth maintayne.

With iustice he doth kepe and gide,
the world and euery wight:

B.iii.

With

Psalmes of David

With conscience and with equitie,
he yeldeth folke theyr ryght.

He is protectoꝝ of the pooze,
what tyme they be opprest:

He is in all aduersitie,
theyr refuge and their rest.

All they that knowe thy holy name,
therfoze doe trust in thee:

fōꝝ thou forsakeſt not their suite,
in their necessitee.

Sing Psalmes therfoze vnto y lord,
that dwelth in Sion hyll:

Publicke among the people playne,
hys counselles and hys wyll.

fōꝝ he is mindefull of the bloud,
of those that be opprest:

And printeth stil the pooze mans plaint
within his blessed brest.

And though my foes doe trouble me
thy mercy doth remaine:

Yea, from the gates of death, O Lord,
thou raiseſt me agayne.

In Sion that I should set forth,
thy praise with heart and voyce:

And

In Metre.

And that in thy saluacion Lorde,
my soule should muche reioyce.

Whan heathen folke fall in the pyt,
that they themselues pzeperde:
And in the net that they doe set,
theyr owne fete fynde they snardz.

Thus whan ye see the wicked man,
twe trapt in his own warke:

God sheweth his iudgemēt which wer
foz worldly men to marke. (good

The wicked and the sinnefull men,
goe downe to hell foz euer:

And al the people of the world,
that wyll not god remember.

But sure the Lorde wil not fozgeat,
the pooze mans grieve and payne:

The pacient people neuer loke,
foz helpe of god in bayne.

Than Lorde arise, lest men pzeuayle
that be of worldly might:

And let the heathen folke receyue,
their iudgemente in thy syght.

Lorde strike such terrour, feare and
int o the heartes of them: (dreade,

B. b. That

Psalmes of David

**That they may knowe assuredly,
they be but mortall men.**

Ut quid domine.

psal. x.

**This psalme doth shewe the grievous playne
of an afflicted mynde:**

**And setteth out the wycked workes.
of persecutors blynde.**

**What is þy cause that thou O lord,
art now so farre from thyne?
And kepest close thy countenaunce,
from vs thys troublous tyme?**

**The pooze doth perishe by the proude
and wicked mens desire:**

**Let them be taken in their crafte,
that they themselues conspire.**

**For of the lust of his own heart,
thungodly man doth boast.**

**And prayseth much the couetous,
whom god abhozreth most.**

**Thungodly is so proude that he,
of god accoumpteth nought:**

**He wyl not cal on God to knowe,
his counsell and his thoughte.**

**But walketh wꝛōg, for lord thy waies
be**

In Metre.

he farre out of hys syght:
Wherfoze he runneth to reuenge,
his ennies with despighte.

And tushe he sayeth vnto himselfe,
as one deuoide of grace:

I wil let slip no time, quod he,
when malice may take place.

His mouth is ful of cursednes,
offraude, disceite and gile:
Under his tong doth sorow sit,
and trauaile al the while.

He lieth hid in secrete stretes,
to slea the innocente:
Against the pooze that passe him by,
his cruel eies are bent.

And like a lion priuely,
lyeth lurking in his denne:
If he may snare them in his nette,
to spoile pooze simple men.

And for the nones ful craftely,
he croucheth down that they:
By colour of his humblenes,
may soone become hys praye.

Tushe, god forgetteth this sayth he,
therfoze

Psalmes of Dauid

therfore maye I be bolde:
His countenaunce is cast aside,
he doth it not beholde.

Arise O lord, O god in whom,
the pooze mans hope doth rest:
Lift vp thine hand, for geat not Lorde,
the pooze that be opprest.

What blasphemy is thys to thee,
Lorde doest thou not abhorre it:
To heare the wicked in their heartes,
saye tushe thou carest not for it.

But thou seest all this wickednes,
and well doest vnderstande:
That frendles and pooze fatherles,
are left into thy hande.

Of wycked and malicious men,
than breake the power for euer:
That they with their iniquitie,
may perishe altogether.

For thou doest raygne for euermore,
as Lorde and God alone:
But all the heathen of the earth,
shall perysh euerychone.

Lorde harken to y pooze mens plaint,
they?

In Metre,

theyr prayer and request:

Geue eare to that, y^e thou hast wrought
within the pooze mans best.

Reuenge the pooze and fatherlesse,
and helpe them to their right:

That they may be no moze opprest
with men of worldly myght.

In domino confido.

psal. xi.

Though saythfull men that trust in God,
be here in earth opprest:

Yet he from heauen seeth their grieve,
and doth prepare them rest.

I Trust in God, howe dare ye than,
I say thus my soule vntill:
flee hence as fast as any foule,
and hide thee in thyne hyl.

Behold, the wicked bend their bowes
and make their arrowes prest:

To shote in secreete, and to hurte,
the sounde and harmelesse best.

That they may bring al godlynes,
to ruine and decaye:

For as for iust and righteous men,
what can they doe or saye?

But

Psalmes of David

**But he that in his temple is,
most holy and moſte hye:
And in the heauen hath hys ſeate,
of royall maiestie.**

**The pooze and ſimple mans eſtate,
conſidereth in hys mynde:
And ſearcheth out full narrowly,
the maners of mankynde.**

**And with a cherefull countenaunce,
the righteous man doth uſe:
But in his heart he doth abhorre,
al ſuche as miſchiefe muſe.**

**And on the ſinners caſteth ſnares,
as thicke as any rayne:
Of tempeſtes, ſtozmes, and bzimſtone
appointed for their payne. (ſperg,**

**We ſee then howe a righteous God,
doth righteousnes embrace:
And vnto truth and equitie,
ſheweth forth hys pleaſaunte face.**

Saluum me fac domine. psal. xii.

**The want of good men is bewailde,
yl tonges are threatned ſore:
Gods worde is true, who ſayeth he wyll,
the poore to ryght reſtore.**

Helpe

In Meter.

Helpe lord, for good and godly me,
Doe perishe and decaye:
And faith and trueth from worldly me
is parted cleane awaye.

Whoso doth with his neighbour talke
hys talke is al but bayne:
For euery heart bethinketh howe,
to flatter lye and fayne.

But flattering and deceiteful lippes,
and tonges that be so stoute:
To speake proude thinges against the
the lord will sure cut out. (lord,

Yet say they styll, we will proue,
our tonges shall vs extolle:

Our tonges are ours, we oughte to
what lord shall vs controlle? (speake

But for the great complaint and cry,
of poore and men opprest:

A ryle will I now sayeth the Lord,
and helpe them all to reste.

Gods worde is lyke to syluer pure,
that from the earth is tryde:

And hath no lesse then seven tymes,
in fyre been purifide.

Now

Psalmes of David

Now since thy promes is to helpe,
Lorde kepe thy promes then:
And saue vs from the cursednes,
of this ill kinde of men.

For nowe the wicked world is full
of mischiefes manifolde:
When vanitie with mortall men,
so highly is extolde.

Usquequo domine. psal. xiii.
Though God sometyme seme to forget
the affliction of the iust:
As hym alone they seke reliefe,
and in hys mercy trust.

How long wilt thou forget me lord,
shal I neuer be remembred:
How long wilt thou thy visage hyde,
as though thou were offended:

In heart and mind how long shal I
with care tormented be:
How long eke shal my deadly foe,
thus triumphe ouer me:

Beholde me now my Lord my God,
relieve me with thy breath:
Apyghten myne eyes in such a wyse,
that

In Metre.

that I slepe not in death.

Lest thus mine enimie saye to me,
beholde I doe preuayle:

Lest they also that hate my soule,
reioyce to see me quayle.

But from the mercy of the Lorde,
my hope shal neuer starte:

In whose reliefe and sauing health,
right ioyfull is my heart.

Who delte with me so louingly,
that I haue cause to syng:

In praise of his most holy name,
that is most mightie kyng.

Dixit insipiens.

psal. xliii.

The wicked saie there is no God,
mannes workes are all infect:

Perishe shal thei that trust therein,
grace saueth the elect.

There is no God as folishe menne,
I affirme in their madde moode:

Their study is corrupt and bayne,
not one of them doth good.

The Lord beheld from heauen high,
the maners of mankynde:

C. i.

And

Psalmes of David

**And saw not one that sought aboute,
his living god to finde.**

**Thei went al wide and were coꝛrupt,
and truely there was none.**

**That in the world did any good,
I saye there was not one.**

**Did they know god oꝛ worship him,
that were so swiftly lead:**

**My people to deuoure and spoyle,
and eate them bp lyke bread:**

**But they shall fele a fearefull tyme,
when god shall saye to them:
Standing among the company,
of good and righteous men.**

**Ye mockt the counsell of the pooze,
on god when they did call:**

**But they did put their trust in god,
and he did helpe them all.**

**But who shall geue thi people health,
and when wilt thou fulfyll:**

**The promise made to Israell,
from out of Sion hyll:**

**And turne their thzall to libertie,
in bonde that long are lad:**

That

In Metre.

That Jacob may therein reioice,
and Israel may be glad.

Domine quis habitabit.

psal. xv.

To those that leade a godli life,
the lord doth promise rest:
The fruites of their vnfayned sayth,
are lyuely here exprest.

O Lord within thy tabernacle,
who shall inhabite still?
Or whom wilt thou receiue to rest,
in thy most holy hyl:

The man whose lyfe is vncorrupt,
whose workes are iust and streyghte:
Whose hart doth speake y very trueth,
whose tong doth no disceit.

For to his neighbour doeth none ill,
in body, goodes or name:
He seketh not to bring his frende,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his heart regardeth not,
malicious wicked men:
But those that loue and feare the lord,
he maketh much of them.

His othe and all hys promises,

C.ii,

that

Psalmes of David

that kepeth faithfully:
Although he make his coneuant so,
that he doth lose thereby.

That putteth not to vsury,
hys money and his coine:
Ne for to hurte the innocente,
doth bribe oz els purloine.

Whoso doth al thing as ye see,
that here is to be done:
Shal neuer perishe in this worlde,
nor in the worlde to come.

Conserua me domine.

psal. xvi.

Wenede no bloudy sacrifice,
Christ once for al was slayne:
And rose agayne from death and hel,
they could hym not retayne.

LOrd kepe me for I trust in thee,
and doe confesse in dede:
Thou art my god and of my good,
O Lord thou hast no nede.

I geue my goodnes to the saintes,
that in the worlde doe dwell:
And namely to the faithfull flocke,
in vertue that excell.

In Metre.

As for their bloudy sacrifice,
and offerynge of that kinde:
I will haue none, nor yet their name,
nor to be had in mynde.

For why, the Lord the porcyonts,
of myne inheritaunce:
And he it is that wyll restore,
to me my lot and chaunce.

The place wherein my lot did fall,
in beautie did excell:

Mine heritage as kinde to me,
doth please me wonderous well.

I thanke the Lord that counseled me
to vnderstande the righte:

By whose aduise I seke remorse,
of conscience in the nighte.

I set the Lorde before mine eyes,
and trust him ouer all:

And he doth stande on my righthande,
lest I might haply fall.

Wherefore my heart is very glad,
my glozy muche increast:

That at the last I shalbe sure,
my fleshe in hope shall rest.

C.iii.

Thou

Psalmes of David

Thou wilt not leaue my soule in hell,
for lord thou louest me:

For yet wilt geue thine holy one,
corruption for to see.

But rather to the path of lyfe,
wilt gladly me restore:

For at thy right hande is my ioye,
and shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine.

psal. xvii.

Gods churche, mans doctrine doeth despise,
his worde alone to trust:

The worldly wishe none other welch,
but hete to lyue at lust.

O Lord heare out my right request,
attend when I complayne:

And heare my prayer that I put forth,
with lippes that doe not fayne.

And let the iudgemente of my cause,
procede alway from thee:

For thou doest ponder and perceyue,
what thing is equitee.

Searche out and trie me in the night
and thou shalt nothyng fynde:

That I haue spoken with my tong,
that

In Metre,

that was not in my minde.

But from the woorkes of wicked me,
and pathes peruerse and yll:
for loue of thy most holy worde,
I haue refrained still.

Than in thy pathes that be most pure
lord thou mayst me preserve:
That from the way wherein I walke,
my steppes may neuer swerue.

For I doe call to thee, O Lord,
for succour and for ayde:

Thā heare my pzaier & waite right wel,
the wordes that I haue sayde.

Be good to those that truste in thee,
and in thy fayth doe stande:
But pitie not those that resist,
the power of thy right hande.

And kepe me lord as thou wouldest
the apple of thine eye: (kepe
And vnder couert of thy wynges,
Defende me secretely.

From wicked men that trouble me,
and dayly me annoye:
And from my foes that goe about,

Call.

my

Psalmes of David

my soule for to destroye.

Which wallow in their worldly welth
so ful and eke so fat:

That in their pride they doe not spare,
to speake they care not what.

They lie in waite where I should passe
with craft me to confounde:

And musing mischief in their mindes,
they cast theyr eyes to ground.

Muche lyke a lyon greedely,
that would his pray embrace:
Or lurking like a lions whelp,
within some secreete place.

Up lord and ouerturne these folke,
disperse them lyke a god:

Redeme my soule from wicked men,
which are thy sweorde and rod.

I meane from worldly men, to whom
all worldly goodes are ryfe:

That haue no hope nor parte of ioye,
but in this present lyfe.

But of thy store for to be filde,
with pleasures to their minde:

And to haue children vnto whom,

they

In Metre.

they may leaue all behynde.

But I shall come befoze thy face,
both innocent and cleare:

And all my ioye shall be when thou,
in glozy shalt appeare.

Celi enarrant,

psal. xix.

All creatures set Gods glory forth,
hys worde and lawe doth fyll:

The world throughout as honey swete,
conuerryng soules from yll.

The heauens and the firmamente,
doe wonderously declare:

The glozy of god omnipotent,
hys woorkes and what they are.

Eche day declareth by his course,
another day to come:

And by the night we know likewise,
a nightly course to runne.

There is no language, tong or speche,
where their sounde is not heard:

In all the earth and coastes therof,
theyr knowledge is conferd.

In them the lord made royally,
a settle for the sunne:

Where

Psalmes of David

**Where like a Giant ioyfully,
he might his iourney runne.**

**And al the skie from ende to ende,
he compass rounde about:**

**No man can hide him from his heate
but he wil finde him out.**

**So perfect is the lawe of god,
his testimonie sure:**

**Conuerting soules and maketh wyse,
the simple and obscure.**

**Iust is the iudgement of the lord,
and gladdeth heart and minde:**

**Pure his precept and geneth lyghte,
to eyes that be full blinde.**

**The feare of god is very cleane,
and doth endure for ever:**

**The iudgementes of the lord are true,
and righteous altogether.**

**And moze to be embzast of thee,
then fined golde I saye:**

**The hony and the hony combe,
are not so swete as they.**

**By the be al thy seruauntes taught
to haue thee in regarde:**

And

In Metre.

**And in perfourmaunce of thesame,
there shalbe great rewarde.**

**But lord, what earthly man doeth
how oft he doth offende: (know**

**Than cleanse my soule fro secret sinne,
my lyfe that I may mend.**

**And kepe me y^e presumptuous synnes
pzeuayle not ouer me:**

**And than shall I be innocent,
and great offences flee.**

**Accept my mouth and eke my heart,
my wordes and thoughtes eche one:
for my redemer and my strength,
O lord thou art alone.**

Exaudiat te deus.

psal. xx.

**As god preserued Christ hys sonne,
in trouble and in thrall:**

**So when we call vpon the Lorde,
he wyll preserue vs all.**

**I A trouble and aduersitee,
the lord wil heare thee still:
The maiestie of Jacobs God,
wyll thee defende from yll.**

And sende thee from his holy place,

by

Psalmes of David

his helpe at euery nede:

**And so in Sion stablish thee,
and make thee strong in dede.**

**Remembryng wel the sacrifice,
that thou to hym hast done:**

**And doth receiue right thankfully,
thyne offerynge euerychone.**

**According to thy heartes desyre,
the Lorde wyll geue to thee:**

**And all thy counsell and deuise,
ful wel perfourme wil he.**

**In thy saluacion we reioyce,
and magnifie the Lorde:**

**That thy petitions and request,
preserued with his worde.**

**The Lorde will his annointed saue,
I knowe wel by his grace:**

**And send him health fro his right hand
out of his holy place.**

**In charets some put confydence,
and some in hoxles truste:**

**But we remember God our Lorde,
that kepeth promise iuste.**

**They fall down flat, but we doe rise
and**

In Metre.

and stande by stedfastly:
Now saue and helpe vs lord and king,
on thee when we doe crye.

Domine in virtute,

psal. xxi.

Christes kingdom here he doth descrybe
with his eternal power:

Al that ryse vp, hym to resist,
hys ryghthande shal deuoure.

O Lord howe ioyfull is the kyng,
in thy strength and thy power:
Howe vehemently he doth reioyce,
in thee his sauoure.

For thou hast geuen vnto hym,
hys godly heartes desyre:
To hym hast thou nothing denide,
of that he did require.

Thou didst preuent him with thy giftes
and blessings manifolde:
And thou hast set vpon his head,
a croune of persite golde.

And when he asked lyfe of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue long life, yea such a lyfe,
as euer should endure.

Great

Psalmes of David

his helpe at euery nede:

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and make thee strong in dede.

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that thou to hym hast done:

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In Metre.

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and blessings manifolde:
And thou hast set vpon his head,
a croune of persite golde.

And when he asked lyfe of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue long life, yea such a lyfe,
as euer should endure.

Great

Psalmes of David

**Great is his glozy by thy helpe,
thy benefite and ayde:**

**Great worſhip and great honoz both,
thou haſt vpon hym layd.**

**Thou wilt geue him felicitie,
that neuer ſhall decaye:**

**And with thy cherefull countenaunce,
wilt comfort hym alwaye.**

**For why þ king doth ſtrongly truſt,
in god for to preuaile:**

**Therefore hys goodnes and hys grace,
wyl not that he ſhall quayle.**

**But let thyne enemies feelee thy force,
and thoſe that thee withſtande:**

**Finde out thy foes and let them fele,
the power of thy ryght hande.**

**And lyke an ouen burne them lord,
in fyre flame and fume:**

**Thine anger wil deſtroye them al,
and fyre wyl them conſume.**

**And thou wilt roote out of the earth,
theyr fruite that ſhould encreaſe:**

**And from the noumber of thy folke,
their ſede ſhall ende and ceaſe,**

In Metre.

For whi much mischief did thei muse,
against thy holy name:
Yet did they faile and had no power,
for to perfourme thesame.

Therfoze shalt thou right valeantly,
put them to flyght and chase:
And charge thy bowestrynges redilye,
against the enmies face.

Be thou exalted lord therfoze,
in thy strength euery houre:
So shall we syng ryght solemnely,
praysyng thy might and power.

Ad te domine scruani.

psal. xxv.

For ayde against her enemies,
the faythfull churche doth praye:
For pacience in aduersitie,
and for the perfect waye.

Lifte myne heart to thee,
my god and gide most iust:
Now suffer me to take no shame,
for in thee doe I trust.

Let not my foes reioyce,
nor make a scozne of me:
And let them not be ouerthzowne,
that

Psalmes of Dauid

that put their trust in thee.

Confounded are all suche,
whose doinges are but vaine:
O lord therfore thy pathes and waies
Declare vnto me playne.

Direct me in thy strength,
and teache me I thee praye:
Thou art my god and sauour,
that helpest me euery daye.

Thy mercies manifolde,
I pray thee lord remember:
And eke thy pietie plentifull,
that doth endure for euer.

Remember not the faultes,
and frailtie of my youth:
Remember not how ignoraunte,
I haue been of thy trueth.

Now after my desertes,
let me thy mercy fynde:
But of thine owne benignitie,
lord haue me in thy mynde.

His mercy is full swete,
hys trueth the perfect waye:
Therfore the lord will geue a lawe,

In Metre.

to them that goe astraye.

For al the waies of god,
are trueth and mercy both:

To them that seke his testament,
he witnes of his troth.

Now for thy holy name,
O Lorde I thee intreate:

To graunt me pardon for my synne,
for it wonderous great.

Whoso doth feare the Lorde,
the Lord doth him direct:

To leade his life in such a waye,
as he doth best accept.

His soule shall euermore,
in goodnes dwell and stande:

His seede and his posteritie,
inherit shall the lande.

To those that feare the Lorde,
he is a firmamente:

And vnto them he doth declare,
hys will and testament.

My eares and eke my heart,
to him I will aduaunce:

That pluckt my fete out of the snare,

D.i. of

Psalmes of David

of wilfull ignoraunce.

**With mercy me beholde,
to thee I make my mone:
For I am pooze and solitarie,
comfortlesse alone.**

**The troubles of myne heart,
are multiplied in dede:
Wryng me out of this misery,
necessitie and nede.**

**Behold my pouertie,
myne anguise and my payne:
Remit my synne and myne offence,
and make me cleane agayne.**

**O lord behold my foes,
how they doe still encrease:
Pursuing me with deadly hate,
that fayne would liue in peace.**

**Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke Delyuer me:
And let me not be ouerthrowne,
because I trust in thee.**

**The iust and innocent,
by me doe sticke and stande:
Because I loke for to receiue,**

In Metre.

my succour at thy hande.

Delouer Lorde thy folke,
that be of thy beliefe:

Delouer Lorde thyne Israel,
from all hys payne and grieve.

Ad te domine clamabo.

psal.xxviii.

This psalme setteth out the phariseis,
with flatteryng heartes vncleane:
And sheweth how god is all our strength,
by Christ our onely meane.

O Lorde I call to thee for helpe,
and if thou me forsake:
I shalbe likened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.

The voyce of thy supplaunt heare,
that vnto thee doth crye:
When I lift vp my heart and handes
vnto thy heauens hye.

Repute not me among the sorte,
of wicked and peruerter:

That speake right faire vnto their fre-
nd thinke full yll in heart. (Des

Accoꝝdyng to theyꝝ handy worke,

D.ii.

as

Psalmes of David

as they deserue in dede:
And after their inuencions,
let them receiue their mede.

They not regarde the woꝝkes of god,
his lawe ne yet hys loze:
Therfoze will he their woꝝkes and they
destroye foꝝ euermoze.

To render thankes vnto the Lord,
how great a cause haue I:
My voice, my pꝛaier, and my cōplaint
that heard so willingly.

He is my shielde and foꝛtitude,
my buckler in distresse:
My hope, my helpe, my heartes reliefe,
my song shal hym confesse.

He is our strength and oure defence,
our enemies to resist:
The health and the saluacion,
of his elect by Christ.

Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed woꝝde pꝛeserue:
Extolle thy flocke with faithfull foode,
that they maye neuer swerue.

Affert

In Metre,

Afferte domino,

psal. xxxix.

As Dauid did the temple decke,
with earthly sacrifice:
So Christes church with spirituall gistes,
ye must adorne lykewyse.

Gue to the Lorde ye potentates,
and princes of the worlde:
Ye rammes that gide y christen flocke,
geue laude vnto the Lord.

Geue glozy to his holy name,
and honoz hym alone:
Worship him in his maiestie,
within his holy throne.

His voice doth rule the waters all,
when as hymselfe doth please:
He doth prepare the thunder clappes,
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voice of god,
and wonderous excellent:
Of full great purpose and effecte,
and muche magnificent.

His voice doth bzeake in Libanus,
the Cedze trees full long:

D.iii.

Which

Psalmes of David

**Which for their highnes are compar'd,
to mightie men and strong.**

**Whō god wil strike with fearefulnes
and make them all as milde:
As calves that come to sacrifice,
or unicornes full wylde.**

**His voice deuident flames of fyre,
and shaketh the wildernes:
He maketh the desert quake for feare,
that called is Cades.**

**His voice doth make the wilde hart
and maketh the couert plaine: (tame
And in his temple euery man,
his glozy doth proclaime.**

**He stayd the rage of Noes flud,
and stopped the red see:
And kepeth his seate as lord and king,
in his eternitee.**

**The lord doth geue his people power
in vertue to increase:**

**The lorde doth blesse his people eke,
with euerlasting peace.**

In Metre.

God promyseth saluacion,
In the repentaunt hearte.
Of hys mere mercy and his grace,
Not for the mans desert.

The man is blest whose wickednes,
The Lorde hath cleane remitted:
And he whose synne and wretchednes,
Is hyd also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the Lorde,
Imputeth not hys synne:

Which in his heart hath hid no gile,
Nor fraude is founde therein.

For whyles y I kept close my synne,
In silence and constraynt:

My bones did wast and weare away,
With dayle mone and playnte.

For night and day, thy hand on me,
So greuous was and smerte:

That all my bloud and humours moist
To dzyne did conuert.

But when I had confest my faulter,
And shroue me in thy syght:

My selfe accusing of my synne,
Thou didst forgeue me quite.

D.iii.

Let

Psalmes of David

Let every good man pray therfoze,
and thanke the Lord in tyme:
And than y floudes of euil thoughtes
shal haue no power of him.

Whan trouble and aduersitie,
doe compasse me aboute:
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou doest ryd me out.

I shal instruct thee saileth the lord,
how thou shalt walke and serue:
And bende mine eyes vpon thy waies,
and so shall thee preserve.

Be not therfoze so ignoraunte,
as is the asse and mule:
Whose mouth without a raine oz bitte,
ye cannot gide oz rule.

Foz many be the miseries,
that wicked men sustayne:
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
hys goodnes doth remayne.

Be mery therfoze in the Lord,
ye iust lift vp your voice:
And ye of pure and perfect heart,
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam

In Metre.

Benedicam dominum. psal. xxxiii.

The p^rophete Dauid prayseth God,
warning vs to forbear:
From euill, and exhorteth vs,
to lyue in godly feare.

I Wyll geue laude and honoz both,
vnto the Lorde alwayes:
And eke my mouth for euermore,
shall speake vnto hys prayse.

I Doe delight to laude the Lorde,
in soule and eke in voyce:
That simple men that suffice payne,
may heare and so reioice.

Therfore see that ye magnifie,
with me the liuing Lorde:
And let vs now exalt his name,
together with one accorde.

For I my selfe besought the Lorde,
he answered me agayne:
And me deliuered incontinente,
from al my feare and payne.

Whoso they be that hym beholde,
and shewe hym their vnest:
He dasheth not their countenance,
but

Psalmes of David

but graunteth their request:

Whoso in their afflictions,
vnto the Lord doth call:

He heareth their suite without delaye,
and rideth them out of thral.

The Angel of the Lord doth pítche,
his tentes in euery place:

To saue all suche as feare the Lord,
that nothyng them deface.

See and consider well therfore,
that god is good and iust:

And they be blest that put in hym,
theyr onely sayth and trust.

Feare ye the lord bys holy ones,
aboue al earthly thyng:

For they that feare the liuing lord,
are sure to lacke nothyng.

The mightie and the riche shal wáite,
yea, thyrt and honger muche:

But as for them that feare the Lord,
no lacke shalbe to suche.

Come nere therfore my childre dere,
and to my worde geue eare:

I shal you teache the perfect waye,
how

In Metre.

how you the Lord should feare.

Whoso would leade a blessed lyfe,
must earnestly deuyle:

His tong and lippes from al disceite,
to kepe in any wyse.

And turne his face from doing yll,
and doe the godly dede:

Enquire for peace and quietnes.
and folowe her with speede.

For why, the eyes of god aboue,
vpon the iust are bent:

His eares likewise are geuen muche
to heare the innocent.

The lord doth frowne and bende hys
vpon the wicked traine: (browes.

And cutteth away the memozy,
that should of them remaine.

But whan the iust doe call and crye,
the Lord doeth heare them so:

That out of paine and misery,
forthwith he letteth them goe.

The Lord is kinde and mercyfull,
to suche as be contrite:

He saueth also the sorrowfull,

the

Psalmes of David

the meke and poore in spzite.

Full many be the miseries,
that righteous men doe suffre:
But out of al aduersities,
the Lord doth them deliuer.

The lord doth so pzeferue and kepe,
the bones of hys alwaye:
That not so much as one of them,
doeth perische oz decaye.

The wicked die full wretchedly,
they seke none other boote:
And those that hate the righteous me,
are pluckt vp by the roote.

But thei that serue the lyuing Lord,
the lord doth saue them sounde:
And who that put their trust in hym,
nothyng shall them confounde.

Beatus qui intelligit.

psal. xli.

The Lorde wil helpe that man againe,
that helpeth poore and weake:
The passion here is figured,
and resurreccione ke.

The man is blest that carefull is,
the neddy to consider:

In Metre.

For in the season perilous.
the Lord wyl hym delyuer.

The lord wil make him safe & sound
and happy in the lande:
And he will not delyuer hym,
into his enemies hande.

And in his bed when he lieth sicke,
the lord wil him restore:
And thou O lord wil turne to health,
his sickenes and his soze.

And in my sickenes thus say I,
haue mercy lord on me:
And heale my soule whiche is full woe,
that I offended thee.

Mine enemies gaue me yll report,
and thus of me they saye:
When shall he die that al hys name,
may vanishe quite awaye:

And wheras they goe in and out,
for to beholde and see:
Thei muse much mischief in their herts
what so their sayinges be.

Mine enemies runne against me styl
together on a throng:

To

Psalmes of David

To take a counsaile and conspire,
how they may doe me wrong.

Agreing on a wicked worde,
and doe determine plaine:

Be he destroyde with death saye they,
he shall not rylse agayne.

The man eke that I trusted most,
with me did vse disceite:
Whiche eate with me the bread of lyfe,
thesame for me layd wayte.

Haue mercy lord on me therfore,
and let me be preserude:

That I maye render vnto them,
the thynges they haue deserude.

By thys I knowe assuredly,
to be beloued of thee:
When y mine enemies haue no cause,
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocente,
lord strength me I thee praye:
And in thy presence point my place,
where I shall dwell for aye.

The lord the god of Israel,
be prayled now therfore:

Whiche

In Metre.

Which hath been euerlastingly,
and shalbe euermoze.

Judica me.

psal. xlii.

The woefull minde whom wycked men,
would with their yll infecte:
Doth call to god for lyght and trueth,
hys steppes for to directe.

Iudge and Defende my cause O lord,
from those that euil be:
from wicked and Deceitfull men,
O lord delyuer me.

For of my strength thou art the god,
why puttest me thee fro:
And why walke I so heuily,
oppresed with my foe:

Send out thy light & eke thy trueth,
and leade me with thy grace:
Bring me into thy holy hyll,
and to thy dwelling place.

That I may to the alter goe,
of god my ioye and there:
And on mi harpe geue thanks to thee,
O God, my God most dere.

Why art thou than so sadde my soule,
thus

Psalmes of David

thus troubled and afraide:
Still trust in god, for yet wyl I
geue thanks to him for ayde.

Dens aurihus.

psal. x liiii.

Gods people shewe how wonderly,
he holpe their fathers olde:
And much lament that now from them,
hys hande he dooth withholde.

Our eares haue heard our fathers
and reuerently recozde: (tel)

The wôderous woꝝkes that thou hast
in alder tyme O Lord. (doct)

How thou didst wede þ gentiles out
and stroyed them with strong hande:
Planting oure fathers in their place,
and gauest to them their lande.

It was not lord our fathers sweorde,
that purchast them that place:

It was thi hand, thine arme, thy light,
thy countenaunce and grace.

Thou art the king our god that holpe
Jacob in sondry wyse:

Led with thy power we threwe down
as did against vs ryle. (suche
we

In Metre.

We trusted not in bow ne sweorde,
they could not saue vs sounde:
Thou keptst vs from our enemies rage,
thou didst our foes confounde.

And stil we boast of thee our god,
and prayse thy holy name:
Yet now thou goest not with our host,
but leauest vs to shame.

Wherby we flee befoze our foes,
and so be ouertrode:
Pea killed of heathen folke lyk thepe,
and scattered all abode.

Thy people thou hast sold like slaues
in open market steede:
For no reward, as though they were,
of none accompte in dede.

And to our neighbours þ hast made,
of vs a laughing stocke:
And those that rounde about vs dwel,
at vs doe grinne and mocke.

The gentiles talke, the people to me,
we be ashamed to see:

How ful of slaunder and reproche,
our wicked enemies be.

Psalmes of David

**Foꝛ al this we foꝛgot not thee,
noꝛ yet thy couenaunt bꝛake:
We turne not backe our hartes fꝛoꝛ thee
noꝛ yet thy pathes foꝛlake.**

**Yet thou hast trode vs down to duſt
where Dennes of Dragons be:
And couered vs with deadly Darke,
and great aduerſitee.**

**And if we had foꝛgot thy name,
and helpe of ydols ſought:
Than hadſt thou cauſe vs to coꝛrect,
but loꝛd thou knoweſt our thought.**

**And howe that foꝛ thy ſake, O loꝛde,
we be toꝛmented thus:**

**As ſhepe were to the Chambleſ ſente,
right ſo they deale with vs.**

**Up loꝛd, why ſleepeſt thou, awake,
and leaue vs not foꝛ all:**

**Why hideſt thou thy countenaunce,
and doeſt foꝛgeat our thꝛall:**

**Foꝛ down to duſt our ſoule is bꝛought
our wombe to earth doth take:**

**Aꝛyſe, helpe and delyuer vs,
Loꝛde foꝛ thy mercyes ſake.**

In Metre,

Audite bec gentes,

psal xlix.

Though riche men doe oppresse the poore,
Discourage not therfore:
For vayne trust in their goodes,
They peryshe euermore,

All people hearken and geue care,
To that that I shall tell:
Both high and low, both riche & poore
That in the worlde doe dwell.
For whi mi mouth shall make discourse
Of many thynges right wise:
In vnderstanding shall my heart,
My study exercise.

I wil encline mine eare to knowe,
The parable so darke:
And open al my doubtfull speche,
In Meter on my harpe.

The wicked dayes and euil tyme,
Why should I feare and doubt:
When the oppressours mischieuous,
Doe compasse me about:

For some there bee that riches haue
In whom their trust is most:
And of their treasures infinite,

E.ii,

them

Psalmes of David

themselves doe bragge and boast.

No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers death redeme:

O: make a grement accepta-
ble vnto God for hyin.

O: pay the raunsome for his soule,
that he may lyue for euer:

And tast of no corruption,
thys lyeth in no mans power.

We see that wise men dye as soone
as foolish men and fond:

And both doe leaue to other men,
their goodes and eke their londe.

Although they builde the houses fast
and doe determine sure:

To make their name right great in
for euer to endure.

(earth)

We see againe it is not geuen,
with riches to haue rest:

But in that point a riche man is,
compared to a beast.

This is the foolish way they walke
with pompe to geat them fame:

And al their frendes that folow them

Do

In Metre.

doe muche commend the same.

Whō death wil lone deuour like thepe
when they are bzought to hell:

Then shall the iust in light reioice,
when they in darkenes dwell.

Pet for al this I trust that God,
wyl saue my soule from payne:

And from al suche infernall power,
and coumfort me agayne.

If any man waxe wonderous riche,
feare not I say therfoze:

Although the glozy of hys house,
increaseth moze and moze.

For when he dieth of al these thinges,
nothing shall he receiue:

His glozy wil not folowe hym,
his pompe will take her leaue.

Pet in this life he taketh hymselfe,
he happpest vnder sunne:

And doeth commend al other men,
that doeth as he hath done.

But when he shal goe to his kinde,
where his foresathers be:

He shall hys felowes fynde full darke,

Psalmes of David

That lichte shall neuer see.

**A foolish man whom riches hath,
to honour thus p̄sard:**

**That doeth not know and vnderstand
is to a beast compar'd.**

I ens dens mens.

psal. lxxiii.

**Wheras Christes kyngdome is oppress,
the iust desire of God:**

**Above al welth that hys pure worde,
may freely come abroad.**

**O God my God, I watche to come,
to thee in all the hast:**

**Foz why, my soule and body both,
Doe thyrst of thee to tast.**

**As Droughte of earth woulde water
so I desyre eche houre:**

(hau)

**Foz to beholde thy holy house,
thy gloze and thy power.**

**Thy goodnes passeth worldly life,
and these vncertayne dayes:**

**My lippes therfore shal geue to thee
due honour, laude and prayse.**

**And whyles I liue I wil not fayle,
to worship thee alwaye:**

And in thy name I shall lift vp,

In Metre.

my handes when I doe pray.
My soule is greatly satisfide,
and fareth wonders well:
Whā that my mouth with ioiful lippes
thy laude and prayse doth tel.

Both in my bed I thinke of thee,
and in the euening tyde:
For vnder couert of thy wynges,
thou art my ioyfull gide.

My soule doth surely sticke to thee,
thy ryght hande is my power:
And those that seke my soule to stroye,
the sweord shall them deuoure.

The king and all men shall reioyce,
that doe professe gods worde:
For lyers mouthes shall now be stopt,
that haue the trueth disturbd.

Exurgat deus.

psal. lxviii.

Christes glorious kingdome is declarede,
and how he should ascende:
The church throughout the world doth ioye,
the lawes law taketh hys ende.

Et God aryse, and than hys foes
will turne themselves to flighte:

C. liii

My

Psalmes of David

His enemies than will runne abroade,
and scatter out of syghte.

And as the fier doeth melt the waxe,
and winde blowe smoke awaye:
So in the presence of the lord,
the wycked shall decaye.

But when the lord shall come to vs,
let righteous men reioyce:
Let them be glad and mery all,
and cherefull in their voice.

And sing out laude vnto the lord,
his name to magnifie:
That sitteth as a sauour,
aboue the starry skye.

That same is he that is aboue,
within the holy place:
That father is of fatherles,
and iudge of wiewowes case.

That same is he that in one mynde,
the household doth preserve:
That byngeth bondemen out of thral,
when wicked men doe serue.

When thou wentest out in wildernes,
thy maiestie did make:

Thi

In Metre.

The earth to quake, & heauens droppe,
the mount Sinai to shake.

Thine heritage with drops of grace
full liberally is weacht:

And when thy people mourne & plaine
by thee they be refresh.

There shall thy congregacion dwell,
where thou doest point the place:

Yea for the pooze thou doest prepare,
of thyne especiall grace.

Thou doest comend thy word Glorid,
and geue thyne holy spzite:

To all that preache thy gospel pure,
thy glozy and thy myght.

Kinges with their hostes shal fle awai
thy worde shal geue the foyle:

The household of the liuing lord,
shal than deuide the spoyle.

Than shall the churche be innocent,
and white as silver fyne:

And in good life more oziently,
than beaten golde shall shine.

Whan he that ruleth earthly kinges
the earth shall order so:

Than

Psalmes of David

Than shal the hil of Salmon be,
as white as milke or snowe.

Since Basan is the hil of god,
and fruitful euery whit:

Chan ye the members of that hil,
why hoppe ye out of it:

Since god is pleased wondrous wel,
to dwell within this hyll:

And therin doeth determine playne,
for to continue stil.

Whose charets and his aungels eke,
be thousandes on a throng:

As in his mount of Sinai,
the lord is them among.

The Lord ascended vp on hye,
and led them bound with hym:

That long befoze in bondage laye,
of death and deadly synne.

And as a man receiued gistes,
and gaue them vnto men:

Yea to his foes he gaue his sprite,
that God might dwell in them.

Now praised be the Lord therefore,
and dayly let vs prayse:

Our

In Metre.

Our god that with his benefites,
doth prosper vs alwayes.

He is the god from whom alone,
saluacion cometh playne:

He is the god by whom we scape,
from euerlasting pain.

This god wil wound his enemies head
and breake the heary scalpe:

Of those that in their wickednes,
continually doe walke.

From Babel wil I bring sayd he,
my people and my shepe:

And al myne owne as I haue done,
from daunger of the depe.

And make them dippe their fete in
of those that hate my name: (bloud)

And dogges shal haue their tonges em
with licking of thesame. (brewed)

All men may see how thou O god,
thine enemies doest deface:

And how thou goest as god and king,
into thy holy place.

The singers goe before with ioye,
the minstrels folow after:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

**And in the middes the damselfs playe,
with timbrel and with taber.**

**Now in thy congregacions,
O Israel prayse the lord:
And from the bottome of thy heart,
geue thanks with one accorde.**

**Thy chief is litle Benjamin,
thy counsell princes been:
of Iuda and of Zabulon,
and eke of Reptalim.**

**As god hath geuen power to thee,
so lord make fyne and sure:
The thing y^e thou haste wrought in vs
for euer to endure.**

**Thā for thy temples sake shal kinges,
geue gistes to thee alwayes:
Greater then at Ierusalem,
of euerlasting prayse.**

**When thou shalt wast the wauering
that rage against all right: (folke
The stoute, the nice, the money men,
and those that loue to fyght.**

**Than out of Egypt shal they come,
that long haue been full blind:**

The

In Metre.

The gentiles than shal reconyle,
to God their synful mynde.

Than shal þe kingdomes of the earth
syng prayles to the Lorde:

That ouer al doth sit and sende,
to vs his mighty worde.

Therfore the strength of Israel,
ascribe to god on hie:

Whose might & power doth farre exte
aboue the cloudy skye.

Gods holines is wonderfull,
and drazd for euermore:

And he wil geue hys people power,
prayed be god therfore.

Quam bonus Israel,

psal. lxxiii.

He wondreth how the foes of god,
doe prospere and encrease;

And how the good and godly men,
doe seldome lyue in peace.

How good is god to suche as bee,
Of pure and perfect heart:

Yet slip my fete awayne from hym,
my steppes decline apart.

And why, because I fondly fall,

in

Psalmes of David

In enuy and disdaine:

**That wicked men al thinges enioye,
without disease oz payne.**

**And beare no yoke vpon their necke,
nor burden on their backe:**

**And as for stoe of worldly goodes,
they haue no wante oz lacke.**

**And free from al aduersitie,
when other men be shent:**

**And with the rest they take no parte,
of plage oz punishment.**

**Wherby they be ful gloziously,
in pryde so high extolde:**

**And in their wrong and violence,
be wrapt so manifolde:**

**That by aboundaunce of their goodes
they please their appetite:**

**And doe al thynges accordyngly
vnto their heartes delighte.**

**All thinges are vile in their respecte,
sauiug themselues alone:**

**They bragge their mischief openly,
to make their power be knowne.**

**The heauens and the liuing Lorde,
they**

In Metre.

They care not to blaspheme:
And loke what thing they talke or say,
The world doth well esteeme.

The flocke therfoze of flatterers,
Doe furnishe vp their trayne:
For there they be full sure to sucke,
Some profit and some gayne.

Tuthe tuthe say they vnto themselues
Is there a God aboue:
That knoweth and suffreth all this ill,
and wyl not vs reproue:

Loe, ye may see how wicked men,
in riches stil increase:
Rewarded wel with worldly goodes,
and lyue in rest and peace.

Than why doe I from wickednes,
my fantasy refrayne:
And wash my handes with innocentes,
and cleanse my heart in bayne:

And suffre scourges euery daye,
as subiect to all blame:
And euery morning from my pouth,
sustayne rebuke and shame:

And I had almost said as they;
mistaking

Psalmes of David

misliking mine estate:

But that I should thy childzen iudge
as folke vnfortunate.

Thā I bethought me how I might
thys matter vnderstande:

But yet the labour was to great
for me to take in hande.

Until the time I went into,
thy holy place and then:

I vnderstode right perfectly,
the ende of al these men.

And namely how thou settest them,
vpon a slippery place:

And at thy pleasure and thy wil,
thou doest them al deface.

Thā Lord how sone doe they cōsume
and fearefully decaye:

Much like a dreame whē one awaketh
their image passeth awaye.

Thus griened was my hart ful sore,
my mynde was muche opprest:

So sode was I and ignoraunte,
and in thy syghte a beast.

Yet neuertheles by my right hande

thy

thy

In Metre,

thou holdest me alwayes fast:
And with thy counsel doest me gyde,
to glozpe at the last.

What place is there prepared than,
for me in heauen aboue:
There is nothing in earth like thee,
that I desyre or loue.

My flesh and eke my heart do fayle,
but God doth fayle me neuer:
For of my heart God is the strength,
my porcion eke for euer.

And loe, al such as thee forsake,
shal perithe every chone:
And those that trust in any thinge,
sauinge in thee alone.

Attendite,

Psalm. lxxviii.

The couenaunt and the wondrous workes,
of God in Israel:

And how he proued them with plagues,
and yet how oft they fell.

At tend my people to my law,
and to my wordes encline:

My mouth shal speake strange para-
and sentences diuine.

(bles,

A. l. Which

Psalmes of David

**Which we our selues haue heard & seene
euen of our fathers olde:**

**And whiche for our instruction,
our fathers haue vs tolde.**

**Because we should not kepe it close
from them that should come after:**

**But shew the power and glozy of god
and all his workes of wonder.**

**With Jacob he the couenaunt made,
how Israel should lyue:**

**And made their fathers the same law
vnto their children geue.**

**That they and theyr posteritie,
that were not sprung by tho:**

**Should haue the knowledge of y^e law
and teache their sede also.**

**That they might haue the better hope
in god that is aboue:**

**And not forgeat to kepe hys lawes,
and his preceptes in loue.**

**Not being as their fathers were,
a kinde of such a sprite:**

**That would not frame their wicked
to know their god aright** (herres,

How

In Metre,

How went the people of Ephraim,
their neighbours for to spoyle:

Shoting their dartes þ day of warre,
and yet they toke the foyle:

For why, thei did not kepe with god,
the couenaunt that was made:

For yet woulde walke or leade they
according to hys trade. (lyues

But put into obliuion,
hys counsell and hys wyll:
And al his woorkes most magnifike,
which he declared styll.

What wonders to our forefathers,
did he himselfe disclose:

In Egypt lande within the fielde,
that called is Chaneos:

He did deuide and cut the sea,
that they might passe at ones:
And made the water stande as styll;
as doth an heape of stones.

He led them secret in a cloude,
by day whan it was bryght:
And at the night whan darke it was,
with fier he gaue them light.

Psalmes of David

He brake the rockes in wildernes,
and gaue the people drinke:
as plentiful as when the Depes,
doe flowe vp to the brinke.

He drew out riuers out of rockes,
that were both drye and harde:
Of such aboundaunce that no floudes
to them might be comparde.

Yet for all this againste the Lorde,
they synne dyd stil increase:
And stirred him that is most high,
to wrath in wildernes.

Attemptig him within their hartes,
lyke people of mistrust:
Requiring suche a kinde of meate,
as serued to their lust.

Saying with murmuracion,
in their vnfaithfulnes:
Cannot thys god prepare for vs,
a feast in wildernes?

Beholde he strake the stony rocke,
and floudes forthwith did flowe:
Doubt not that he can geue his folke
both bread and fleshe also.

Whan

In Metre.

Whā god heard this, he waxed wroth
with Jacob and his sode:
So did his indignacion,
on Israel procede.

Because they dyd not faythfully,
believe and hope that he:
Could alwaies helpe and succour the,
in their necessitie.

Wherfore he did commaund y cloudes
forthwith they brake in sunder:

And rayned downe (manna) for them to
a sode of mikel wonder. (eate

Whē earthly men with Angels sode
were fed at their request:

He bad the East wynde blowe away,
and brought in the southwest.

And rained down fleshe as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sand: (Duste

Which he did cast amidde the place,
where al their tentes did stande.

Than did they eate exceedingly,
and all men had their filles:

Nothyng dyd want to their desyre,
he gaue them all theyr willes.

f.iii. But

Psalmes of David

But as þe meate was in their mouthes
hys wꝛath vpon them fell:

And slewe the flower of al the yowth,
and choyse of Israel.

Yet fell they to their wonted synne,
and styll they did him grieue:

Foz al the wonders that he wꝛought,
they had no fast belieue.

Their daies therfoze he shortened,
and made their honour e bayne:

Their yeres did wast and passe away,
with terrour and with payne.

But euer when he plagued them,
they sought him by and by:

Remembꝛing thẽ he was their strẽgth
their helpe and god most hie.

Though in their mouthes thei did but
and flatter wyth the Lord: (glose

And with their tonges & in their lippes
dissembled euery woꝛde.

Foz why, their hertes were nothing
to him noꝛ to hys trade: (bente

Noꝛ yet to kepe oꝛ to perfoꝛme,
the couenaunt that was made.

Yet

In Metre,

Yet was he styll so mercyfull,
when they deserued to dye:
That he forgaue them their misdedes
and would not them destrye.

Yea many a time he turned his wꝛath
and dyd hymselfe auise:

And would not suffre all hys whole
dyspleasure to aryse.

Considering that thei were but flesh
and euen as a wynde:

That passeth a waye and cannot well,
returue by hys own kynde.

How often tymes in wyldernes,
dyd they thei? Lorde prouoke:
How did thei moue & stirre their lord,
to plage them with hys stroke:

Yea when thei were conuerted wel,
of purpose they would moue:

The holy one of Israel,
hys power for to proue.

Not thinkyng of his hand & power,
noz of the day when he:

Deluyered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemy.

Psalmes of David

Now how he wrought his miracles,
as they themselues behelde:

In Egypt, and the wonders that
he did in soan field.

Now howe he turned by his power,
theyr waters into bloud:

That no man might receue his drinke
at riuer ne at floud.

Now how he sent them flies and lice
which did vpon them crall:

And filled the countrey ful of frogges,
to trouble them withall.

Now how he did comit their fruites
vnto the Caterpillar:

And al the labour of their handes,
he gaue to the grasshopper.

With hailstones he destroyed theyr
so that they wer al lost: (vines)

And also theyr mulbery trees:
he did consume with frost.

And yet with hailstones once again
the Lord theyr cattel smote:

And al their flockes & herdes likewise
with thunderboltes ful hote.

In Metre.

He cast vpon them in his yre,
and in his fury strong:
Displeasure, wrath, and Hungels yll,
to trouble them among.

Than to his wrath he made a way,
and spared not the least:
But gaue vnto the pestilence,
the man and eke the beast.

He strake also the fyrst borne all,
that vp in Egypt came:

And al that they had laboured for,
within the tentes of Ham.

But as for al his own dere folke,
he did preserve and kepe:
And caried them through wildernes,
euen like a flocke of shepe.

Without al feare both safe and sound
he brought them out of thral:
Whereas theyr foes with rage of sea,
were ouerwhelmed al.

And brought them out into the borders
of his holy land:

Euen to the mount which he had purchased
with his right hand.

And

Psalmes of David

**And there cast out the heathen folke,
and dyd theyr lande denyde:
And in theyr tentes he set the trybes,
of Israel to abyde.**

**Yet for al this their god most high,
they styrr'd and tempted still:
And would not kepe hys testament,
nor yet obeye hys wil.**

**But as their fathers turned backe,
euen so they went astraye:
Muche like a bowe that woulde not
but brake and starte awaye. (bend
And griued him with their hil alters
their lightes and with their fyre:
And wyth theyr Idols vehementlye,
prouoked hym to Ire.**

**Therwith his wraath began again
to kiendle in his brest:
The naughtinesse of Israel,
he dyd so much detest.**

**Chan he forsoke the tabernacle,
of Silo where he was:
Right conuersaunt with earthy men,
enen as his dwelling place.**

Chan

In Metre.

Than suffred he their mighte & power
in bondage for to stande:

And gaue the beautie of his folke,
into their enemies hande.

And did commit the to the swoerd,
wooth with his heritage:

The yong mē wer deuoured with fier
maides had no mariage.

And with þ̄ swoerd the priestes also,
dyd peryshe euerychone:

And not a wiewdowe left alyue,
theyr faulte for to be mone.

And than the Lord began to wake,
lyke one that slept a tyme:

Or lyke a souldier that had been,
refreshed well with wyne.

With emeraudes in the hinder partes
he strake his enemyes all:

And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.

Than he the tent and tabernacle,
of Joseph did refuse:

As for the tribe of Ephraim,
he would in no wyse chuse.

But

Psalmes of David

But chose the tribe of Juda,
wheras he thought to dwel:
Euen the mount of Sion,
which he did loue so wel.

Whereas he did his temple build,
both sumptuously and sure:
Like to y^e ground which he hath made
foz euer to endure.

Than chose he Dauid hym to serue,
hys people foz to kepe:
Which he toke vp and bzought away,
euen from the foldes of shepe.
As he did folow the ewes with yong,
the Lorde did him auance:
To fede his people of Israel,
and his enheritaunce.

Than Dauid with a faithfull heart
hys flocke and charge did fede:
And prudently with al hys power,
dyd gouerne them in dede.

Benedic anima mea,

psal. cxi.

To god for all hys benefites
we render thankes eche one:
who knoweth the frailtie of vs all,
and helpeth vs alone.

In Metre.

My soule geue laude vnto þe lord,
my sprite shal doe the same:
And al the secretes of my heart,
praise ye his holy name.

Geue thākes to god for al his gistes,
shewe not thy selfe vnkynde:
And suffre not his benefites,
to slyp out of thy mynde.

That gaue thee pardō for thy synne,
and thee restored agayne:
for al thy weake and frayle disease,
and healed thee of thy payne.

That dyd redeme thy lyfe fro death,
from which thou couldest not flee:
His mercy and compassion both,
he did extende to thee.

That filled with goodnes thy desire,
and did prolong thy youth:
Like as the Eagle casteth her byl,
wherby her age renueth.

The lord with iustice doth reuenge,
al such as be opprest:

The patience of the perfect man,
is turned to the best.

Psalmes of David

His waies & his commaundementes
to Moses he did shoue:

His counsels eke with his consentes,
the Israelites doe knowe.

The Lorde is kinde and mercypfull,
when sinners doe him greue:

The slowest to conceyue a wrath,
and readiest to forgeue.

He chideth vs continually,
though we be ful of strife:

For kepeth our faultes in memozye,
for al our synful lyfe.

For yet accordyng to our synnes,
the Lord doeth vs regarde:

For after our iniquities,
he doeth vs not rewarde.

But as the space is wondrous great
twixt earth and heauen aboue:

So is his goodnes muche moze large
to them that doe hym loue.

He doth remoue our sinnes from vs,
and our offences all:

As farre as is the sunne rising,
full distant from hys fall.

And

In Metre.

And loke what pietie parentes bere,
vnto their childzen beare:

Like pietie beareth the lord to suche,
as worshyp hym in feare.

The lord that made vs knoweth our
our mould and fashion iust: (Chape
How weake and frayle our nature is,
and how we be but dust.

And how the tyme of mortall men,
is lyke the wytheryng haye:

Oz lyke the floure right faire in field,
that fadeth full sone awaye.

Whose glosse & beautie stormy windes
doe vtterly disgrace:

And make that after their assaultes,
suche blossomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnes of the Lord,
with his Chaleuer stande:

Their childzens childzen doe receiue,
hys ryghteousnes at hande.

That they may kepe their promises,
with al their whote desire:

And not forget to doe the thyng
that he did them require.

The

Psalmes of David

The heauens hie are made the seate,
and foote stoole of the Lord:
And by his power imperiall,
he gouerneth all the world.

Ye Angels and ye vertuous men,
laude ye the Lord I saye:
That ye maye both fulfill his bestes,
and to his woordes obeye.

His hoste and eke his ministers,
ceasse not but laude him still:
And ye also that execute,
his pleasure and his will.

Let al his woorkes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the Lord:
My heart my mind and eke my soule,
shall therunto accorde.

Ad dominum cum, psal.cxx.

The good men crye and much lament,
that they so long doe dwell:
In company of carnal men,
the sonnes of Ismaell.

I A trouble and in thzal,
Vnto the Lord I cal,

And

In Metre.

And he doth me comfort:

Deliver me I saye,
from lyers lippes alway,
And tonge of false report.

Howe hurtful is the thing,
O: els how doeth it sting,
The tonge of such a lyer:

It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arrowes sharpe and bene,
Of hote consuming fyre.

Alas to long I dwell,
With the sonne of Ismael,
That Chedar is to name,
By whom the folke elect,
And al of Isaacs sect:
Are put to open shame.

With them that peace did hate,
I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet lyfe:

But when my woord was told,
Causeles I was controlde,
By them that would haue strife.

Psalmes of David

Ad te leuani. psal. cxxiii.

The poore in sprite wayte for the Lorde,
tyll they some grace attayne:
The proud and welthy phariseis,
the symple folke disdayne.

O Lorde that heauen doest possesse,
I lyft mine eyes to thee:
Euen as the seruaunt listeth his,
his masters handes to see.

As hadmaides watch their mistres
some grace for to atchieue: (handes
So we behold the Lord our God,
til he doe vs forgeue.

Lord graunt vs thy compassion,
and mercy in thy sight:
For we be filled and ouercome,
with hatred and despight.

Our mindes be stuffed wth great re-
the riche and worldly wise: (buke
Doe make of vs their mocking stocke,
the proude doe vs despyse.

Beati omnes. psal. cxxviii.

In Metre,

God bleſſeth with his benefites,
the man and eke the wyfe:
That in his wayes doe rightly walke,
and feare hym all theyr lyfe.

Blessed art thou that fearest god,
And walkest in hys wape:

For of thy labour þu shalt eate,
happy art thou I saye.

Like fruiteful vines on þu house sides
so doth thy wyfe spryng out:

Thy childre stande like olive buddeſ,
thy table rounde aboute.

Thus art þu bleſt that fearest god,
and he shall let thee see:

The promysed Ierusalem,
and his felicitee.

Thou shalt thy childres children ſee,
to thy great ioyes encrease:

full quietly in Iſrael,
to paſſe theyr tyme in peace.

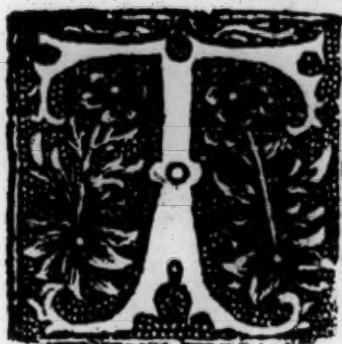
FINIS.

There end the psalmes drawn into Engliſhe
Metre, by. M.) Sternholde

(. .)

C. ff.

To the Reader.



Now haste here (gentle reader) vnto the Psalmes that were diuined into Englyshe Metre, by master Sternholde. vii. moe adioyned. Not to the intente that they shoulde be fathered on the dead manne, and so through his estimation to be the more hyghely esteemed: Neyther for that they are in myne opinion (as touchyng the Metre) in any parte to be compared with his most exquisyte dooynge. But especially to fyll vp a place which elles shoulde haue been voyde, that the booke may ryse to his iuste volume. And partly for that they are fruitfull, althoughe they bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a chrystian mynde, althoughe not so pleasaunte in the mouth or eare. Wherfore, yf thou (good reader) shalt accepte and take thys my doynge in good parte, I haue my heartes desire herein.

Fare well.

FINIS

Psalmes of David in Metre.

Exaltabo te domine. psal. xxx.

The church that gostly Israel,
Her lorde and god dooth prayse:
Which from the dreade of death and hell,
Doeth her defende alwayes.

All laude and praise with hart and
O lord I geue to thee: (voyce)
Which wilt not see my foes reioice,
Nor triumphe ouer me.

O lord my God to thee I cryde,
In all my paine and grieve:

Thou gauest an eare and didst prouide
To ease me with reliefe.

Of thy good will thou hast calde backe,
My soule from hel to saue:

Thou doest relieue when strength doeth
To kepe me from the graue. (lack)

Sing praise ye saintes that proue & se,
The goodnes of the Lord:

G.iii.

In

Psalmes of David

In memory of his maiestee,
Reioyce with one accorde.
For why, his anger but a space,
Doeth last and flake agayne:
But yet the fauour of hys grace,
For euer doeth remayne.
Though gripes of griefe & panges full
Doe chaunce vs ouernight: (soze
The Lord to ioye shall vs restore,
Before the day be lyghte.
When I enioyed the world at wyl,
Thus would I boast and saye:
Tush, I am sure to feele none ill,
This wealth shal not decaye.
For thou O Lord of thy good grace,
Hadst sent me strength and ayde:
But when þ turnedst awaye thy face,
My minde was soze dismayd.
Wherefore againe yet did I crye,
To thee, O Lord of mighte:
My god with plaintes I did applye,
And prayde both day and night.
What gayne is in my bloud sayde I,

In Metre.

If death destroy my dayes:
Doth dost declare thy maiestie,
Or yet thy trueth doeth prayse:
Wherefore my God, some pietie take,
O Lord I thee desyre:
Doe not this simple soule forsake,
Of helpe I thee require.
Than didst thou turne my grief & wo
Unto a chereful voyce:
The mourning weede thou tokest me
And madest me to reioyce. (fro
Wherefore my soule vnceassantly,
Shal sing vnto thy prayse:
My Lord my God, to thee will I,
Geue laude and thanks alwayes.

Exultate iusti. psal. xxxiii.

To prayse the Lord with ioye they ought,
which are accept through faith:
God by his word eche thyng hath wrought
Almans defence & caich.

G. liti.

Ze

Psalmes of David

YE righteous in the Lord reioyce,
It is a seemely sight:
That vpriht men with thankful voice
Shoulde prayse the God of might.
Prayse ye the Lord with harp & song
In Psalmes and pleasant thinges:
With lute and instrument among,
That soundeth of ten stringes.
Sing to the Lord a song most newe,
With courage geue him praise:
For why his word is euer true,
His workes and all his wayes.
To iudgement, equitie and right,
He hath a great good will:
And with his giftes he doth delight,
The earth thzoughout to fill.
For by the word of God alone,
The heauens al wet wzought:
Their hostes and powers euerichone
His bzeath to passe hath bzought.
The waters great gathered hath he,
On heapes within the shoze:
And hid them in the depth to be,

In Metre.

As in an house of stozz.
Al men on earth both least and mostz,
Feare ye the Lord his lawe:
Ye that inhabite in eche coste,
Dreade him and stand in awe.
What he comaunded, wrought it was
At once with present speede:
What he doth wil is brought to passe,
With full effect in dede.
The counsels of the nacions rude,
The Lord doth dzyue to nought:
He doth Defeate the multitude,
Of theyr deuyce and thought.
But his Decrees continue still,
They neuer slake oz swage:
The mocions of his mynd and will,
Take place in euery age.
O blest are they to whom the Lord,
A God and gyde is knowne:
Whom he doth chose of mere accorde,
To take them as his owne.
The Lord from heauen cast his sight
On men mortal by bytth:

Conti-

Psalmes of David

Considering from his seate of might,
The dwellers on the earth.

The lord I say whose hand hath wrought
Man's hert & doth it frame: (ught
For he alone doth know the thought,
And working of the same.

A King that trusteth in his hoste,
Shal nought preuaile at length:
The man that of his might doth boast,
Shal fal for al his strength.

The heapes of horsmen eke shal faile
Their sturdy stedes shal sterue:
The strength of horse shal not preuaile
The ryder to prelerue.

But loe, the eyes of God entend,
And watche to ayde the iust:
With such as feare him to offende,
And on his goodnes trust.

That he of death and al distresse,
May set their soules from drede:
And if that dearch the land oppresse,
In hunger them to fede.

Wherfore our soule doth stil depend,

On

In Metre,

On god our strength and staye:
He is the shield vs to defende,
And driue all dartes awaye.
Our soule in god hath ioye and game,
Reioysing in his might:
For why in his most holy name,
We hope and muche delighte.
Therefore let thy goodnes, O Lorde,
Stil present with vs be:
As we alwayes with one accorde,
Doe onely trust in thee.

Quemadmodum desiderat.

psal. xlii.

The faythful soule afflicted here,
Doth sigh, complayne and crye:
Vnto the Lorde for so drawe nere,
Whom wicked men desye,

L yke as y hart doth bzeath & bzap
The wellspzynges to obtayne:
So doeth my soule desyre alwaye,
With thee, Lorde, to remayne.
My soule doth thirst and would draw
The liuing god of might: (neare

Psalmes of David

When shall I come and appeare,
In presence of hys syghte:
The teares al times are my repaste,
Which from mine eyes doe flyde:
When wicked men crye out so fast,
Where now is god thy gide:
For comfort this I call to minde,
And stretche my strength abrod:
That with the holy I shall fynde,
Health in the house of God.
Enioying with a ioyfull voyce,
There ful quiet and rest:
As with a sozt that doe reioyce,
And celebrate a feast.
My soule why art thou sad and soure,
Why troublest me so sore:
Trust in y lord and praise his power,
That doth thy health restore.
When that my soule in me, O lord,
Doth fainte I thinke vpon:
The lande of Iordan, and recozd,
The litle hil Hermon.
One grieve another in doth call,

In Metre.

As cloudes burst oute their boice:
The floudes of euilles that doe fall,
Runne ouer me with noyse.
But yet the lorde of his goodnes,
Doth helpe at al assaies:
Wherefore eche night I wil not ceasse,
The liuing god to prayse.
I am perswaded thus to say,
To hymn with pure pretence:
O lord thou art my gide and staye,
My rocke and my defence.
Why doe I then in pensifenes,
Hanging the head thus walke:
While that mine ennies me oppresse,
And bere me with their talke:
For why they pearse mine inwarde
With panges to be abhorde: (part)
Whē they crye out in stubberne herts
Where is thy god thy Lorde:
So sone why dost thou faint & quaille
My soule with paines opprest:
With thoughtes why doest thy selfe
So soze within my brest: (assail)
Trust

Psalmes of David

Trust in the Lorde thy god alwayes,
And thou the tyme shalt see:
To geue hym thākes with laude and
For health restorde to thee. (praise

Quid gloriaris. psal. lii.

The wycked that the Lord despise,
And trust in worldly strength:
With suche as vse disceit and lyes,
Shalbe destroyde at length.

Why dost þe Tiraunte boast abrod
Thy wicked woꝝkes to praysen
Dost thou not knowe there is a God,
Whose strength doth laste alwayes:
Why doth thy minde yet still deuise,
Such wicked wiles to warpe:
Thy tong vntrue in forgeing lyes,
Is lyke a rasour sharpe.
On mischief why dost set thy mynde,
And wilt not walke vpꝑright:
Thou hast moze lust false tales to find
Than bꝛyng the trueth to lyght.
Thou dost delight in fraude and gyle,
In

In Mette.

In craft, disceit and wzong:
Thy lippes haue learnde y flatterung
O false disceitful tong. (Stile,
Therfoze Chal god thi strēgth confound
And plucke thee from thy place:
Thy sede & rootes from of the ground
At once he Chal Deface.
The iust when they behold thy fall,
With feare wyl prayse the Lord:
And in reproche of thee withall,
Crye out in one accord.
Behold the mā which would not take
The Lord for his Defence:
But of his goodes his God did make,
And trust his own pretence.
But I an Olive freshe and grene,
Shal spring and spreade abroad:
For why my trust al times hath been,
Upon the liuing God.
For this therfoze will I geue prayse,
To him with heart and voyce:
I wil set furth his name alwayes,
Wherin his sainctes reioyce.

Deus

Psalmes of David

Dent venerunt. psal. lxxix.

Here are set furth the sore assaults,
That wicked men inuent:
Against gods church which sheweth her faults
And to him lament.

O Lord the Gentiles doe invade,
Thyne heritage to spoyle:
Jerusalem an heape is made,
Thy temple they defoyle.
The bodie of thy saintes most deare
Abrode to byrdes they cast:
The fleshe of such as doe thee feare,
The beastes deuoure and waste.
Theyr bloud throughout Jerusalem
As water spilt they haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To lay theyr dead in graue.
Thus are we made a laughing stocke
Almost the world throughout:
The enemies at vs iest and mocke,
Which dwell our coastes about.
Wilt thou, O lord, thus in thyne ire,
Against

In Metre.

Against vs euer fume:
And shew thy wrath as hoate as fyre,
Thy folke for to consume:
Upon those people powre thesame,
Which did thee neuer knowe:
As such as call not on thy name,
Consume and ouerthrowe.
For they haue gotte the vpper hand,
And Jacobs sede destroyde:
His habitation and his land,
By them is sore annoyde.
Beare not in mind our former faultes
With spede some pietie shew:
And ayde vs lord in al assaultes,
For we are weake and lowe.
O God that geuest all health & grace
On vs declare thesame:
Way not our woorkes, our sinnes de=
For honour of thy name. (face
Why shal the wicked stil alway,
To vs as people dunne:
In thy reproche reioyce and say,
Where is their God become:

H.i.

Require

Psalmes of David

Require, O Lord, as thou seest good,
Before our eyes in sight:
Of al these folke thi seruañtes bloud,
Which they spilt in despight.
Receiue into thy sight in hast,
The clamours, grief and wozong:
Of such as are in prison cast,
Sustayning Irons strong.
Thy force and strength to celebrate,
Lord set them out of bande:
Which vnto death are destinate,
And in their enemies hande.
The nacions which haue been so bold
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into their lappes with seuen folde
Repay agayne the same.
So we thy folke, thy pasture shepe,
Will prayse thee euermore:
And teache al ages for to kepe,
For the lyke prayse in store.

Deus sietit.

psal. lxxxii.

In Metre,

God doth rebuke the worldly wyse,
And tell them all theyr due:
To such as wyll his wordes despyse,
He sheweth what shall ensue.

A Mid þy pzease with men of might
The lord himself did stande:
To pleade the cause of trueth & right
With iudges of the lande.
How long, said he, wil ye procede,
False iudgemente to awarde:
And haue respect for loue or mede,
The wicked to regarde:
Wheras of due ye should defende,
The fatherles and weake:
And when the pooze mā doth contend
In iudgement iustly speake.
If ye be wyse defende the cause,
Of pooze men in their ryght:
And rid the nedp from the clawes,
Of tirauntes force and myghte.
But nothing wil they know or learne,
In wayne to them I talke:
They wyll not see or ought discerne,

Psalmes of David

Trust in the Lorde thy god alwayes,
And thou the tyme shalt see:
To geue hym thākes with laude and
For health restorede to thee. (praise

Quid gloriaris. psal. lii.

The wycked that the Lord despise,
And trust in worldly strength:
With suche as vse disceit and lyes,
Shalbe destroyde at length.

Why dost þu Tiraunte boast abroad
Thy wicked workes to prayle:
Dost thou not knowe there is a God,
Whose strength doth laste alwayes:
Why doth thy minde yet still deuise,
Such wicked wiles to warpe:
Thy tong vntrue in forgeing lyes,
Is lyke a rasour sharpe.
On mischief why dost set thy mynde,
And wilt not walke vp right:
Thou hast more lust false tales to find
Than bryng the tructh to lyght.
Thou dost delight in fraude and gyle,

In Metre.

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Therfoze Chal god thi strēgth confōid
And plucke thee from thy place:
Thy sede & rootes from of the ground
At once he Chal Deface.
The iust when they behold thy fall,
With feare wil prayse the Lord:
And in reproche of thee withall,
Crye out in one accord.
Behold the mā which would not take
The Lord for his Defence:
But of his goodes his God did make,
And trust his own pretence.
But I an Olive freshe and grene,
Shal spring and spreade abroad:
for why my trust al times hath been,
Upon the liuing God.
for this therfoze will I geue prayse,
To him with heart and voyce:
I wil set furth his name alwayes,
Wherin his sainctes reioyce.

Deus

Psalmes of David

Dens Venerunt. psal. lxxxix.

Here are set furth the sore assaults,
That wicked men inuent:
Against gods church which sheweth her fault
And to th him lament.

O Lord the Gentiles doe inuade,
Thyne heritage to spoyle:
Jerusalem an heape is made,
Thy temple they despoyle.
The bodies of thy saintes most deare
Abrode to byrdes they cast:
The fleshe of such as doe thee feare,
The beastes deuoure and waste.
Theyr bloud throughout Jerusalem
As water spilt they haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To lay theyr dead in graue.
Thus are we made a laughing stocke
Almost the world throughout:
The enemies at vs iest and mocke,
Which dwell our coastes about.
Wilt thou, O lord, thus in thyne yre,
Against

In Metre.

Against vs euer fume:
And shew thy wrath as hoate as fyre,
Thy folke for to consume:
Upon those people powre thesame,
Which did thee neuer knowe:
Al such as call not on thy name,
Consume and ouerthrowe.
For they haue gotte the vpper hand,
And Jacobs sede destroyde:
His habitation and his land,
By them is sore annoyde.
Beare not in mind our former faultes
With spede some pietie shew:
And ayde vs lord in al assaultes,
For we are weake and lowe.
O God that geuest all health & grace
On vs declare thesame:
Way not our woorkes, our sinnes de=
For honour of thy name. (face
Why shal the wicked stil alway,
To vs as people dumme:
In thy reproche reioyce and say,
Where is their God become:

H. i.

Require

Psalmes of David

Require, O Lord, as thou seest good,
Before our eyes in sight:
Of al these folke thi seruañtes bloud,
Which they spilt in despight.
Receiue into thy sight in hast,
The clamours, grief and wzong:
Of such as are in prison cast,
Sustayning Irons strong.
Thy force and strength to celebzate,
Lord set them out of bande:
Which vnto death are destinate,
And in their enemies hande.
The nacions which haue been so bold
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into their lappes with seuen folde
Repay agayne the same.
So we thy folke, thy pasture chepe,
Will prayse thee euermore:
And teache al ages for to kepe,
For the lyke prayse in store.

Deus sietit,

psal, lxxxii.

God

In Metre,

God doth rebuke the worldly wyse,
And tell them all theyr due:
To such as wyll his wordes despyse,
He sheweth what shall ensue.

A Mid þ please with men of might
The lord himself did stande:
To pleade the cause of trueth & right
With iudges of the lande.
How long, said he, wil ye procede,
False iudgemente to a warde:
And haue respect for loue oz mede,
The wicked to regarde:
Wheras of due ye should defende,
The fatherles and weake:
And when the pooze mā doth contend
In iudgement iustly speake.
If ye be wyle defende the cause,
Of pooze men in their ryght:
And rid the nedp from the clawes,
Of tirauntes force and myghte.
But nothing wil they know oz learne,
In vayne to them I talke:
They wyll not see oz ought discerne,
H.ii. But

Psalmes of David

But still in Darkenes walke.
Wherefore be sure the tyme wil come,
Since ye such wayes doe take:
That all the earth from the bottome,
My might shall moue and shake.
I had decreed it in my sight,
As Gods to take you all:
And children to the most of might,
For loue I did you call.
But notwithstanding ye shall dye,
As men, and so decay:
Like tyzauntes I shall you destrye,
And plucke you quyte away.
Up lord & let thy strength be knowne
And iudge the worlde with might:
For why, all nacions are thine owne,
To take them as thy right.

Lauda anima mea,

psal. cxlvi.

A prayse of God, in hym alone
All folke should hope and trust:
And not in worldly men, of whom,
The chiefe shall turne to dust.

In Metre.

My soule praise þ the lord alwaies
My God I wil confesse:
While breath & life prolong my daies,
My mouth no time shal cease.
Trust not in worldly princes then,
Though they abound in wealth:
Nor in the sonnes of mortal men,
In whom there is no health.
For why, their breth doth sone depart
To earth anon they fall:
And then the counsels of their heart,
Decay and perish all.
O happy is that man I say,
Whom Jacobs God doth ayde:
And he whose hope doth not decay,
But on the Lord is stayde.
Whiche made þ earth & waters depe,
The heauens hve withall:
Which doth his word & promise kepe,
In trueth and euer shall.
With right alwayes doeth he procede,
For such as suffre wrong:
The poore and hungry he doth fede,
H.iii. And

Psalmes of David

**And leuse the fetters strong.
The lord doth ease y blind with sight,
The lame to limmes restore:
The Lord I say doth loue the ryghte,
And iust man euer moze.
He doeth defende the fatherles,
The straungers sadde in hearte:
And quite the wiewdowe from Distres
And all yll wayes subuert.
Thy Lorde and God eternally,
O Spon styll shall raygne:
In tyme of all posteritee.
For euer to remayne.
FINIS.**

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Flete strete at the signe of the sunne ouer

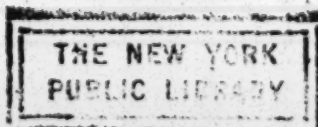
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